

Postscript. November 9th.

I am very sorry, my dear Sir, that I have delayed so long, to send this letter. My principal excuse is want of strength to finish it sooner. For days together, I have not been able to write a single line, without injury. Add to this, there has been no opportunity to send direct to America; so that I am obliged to get a friend here to enclose this in a letter to a friend in London, who will forward it to America.

I had almost forgot to tell you that your son Edward made his will before he left Ceylon, & gave all his property to the brethren & sisters of the Ceylon-mission, except his books & his money, which he gave to our Library & Treasury. It is possible, however, that in consequence of his coming here, all his money has been expended.

I am now trying to find a passage to Ceylon, but unless I go there soon, it is not likely that I shall go at all. For my disease has been gradually growing worse for some weeks, if not for months.

In some respects I am more comfortable now, than I was when I left Ceylon, but in others, not so much so. Then, I had an unpleasant fever in the day, & cold sweats at night, but now, I have not. But my cough is worse now, than it was then; & I am so hoarse that I cannot speak, except in a whisper.

This hoarseness seems to have been produced, in part, by spitting blood, which I have frequently done, in very small quantities, ever since Br. Warren died. Indeed, I raised blood once or twice, before he died, & I told him that I expected soon to follow him. However, I attended public worship, yesterday, & have done it a number of times before. I am able to walk half a mile at once, sleep well, & have a good appetite.

The time & circumstances of my death will be ordered by infinite Wisdom, & in this consideration I rejoice. I desire to recover that I may do something for the Heathens & take care ~~of~~ of my family; & yet, I would rather depart & be with Christ.

I suppose that you may wish to know the reasons why Br. W. left Ceylon, & why he came to this place. He left Ceylon, because his physicians told him that the climate there was so warm as to prevent him from gaining strength & health. He came to this place in particular, because

this was considered a better climate for him, than any other, to which he could go.

Please to give my very affectionate regards to all your family, & to any other of my friends, that you may see. I must request you to send a copy of this letter, or the letter itself, as soon as convenient, to Jeremiah Cowarts Esqr. Boston, or to the Rev. S. Worcester, D. D. Salem.

I am obliged to make this request, because I do not feel able to write another letter to the Prudential Committee, giving a particular account of Dr. Warren's death.

Yours truly, J. Richards

Mr. Richards, care
of Mr. Warren
very dear Sir.

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22

MASSACHUSETTS
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Mr. Thaddeus Warren,
Marborough,
Massachusetts

America

and he was always ready, when he was able, to converse upon heavenly things. I might here bear decided testimony to his patience & submission; for I cannot recollect that he ever expressed the least impatience under his sufferings, or the least dissatisfaction with the dealings of Divine Providence, either by words or by actions.

But, on the contrary, he spoke more of the sufferings of others, than of himself, & it appeared to be his ardent desire that the will of the Lord might be done. Some were astonished to see him so calm & so cheerful; but it was evident to his more intimate friends, that while his body was afflicted, his soul was rejoicing in the light of God's countenance.

After we landed at Simon's Town, his Christian privileges were increased; for, as we had a room to ourselves, we could unite together in prayer, as well as in reading the Scriptures & in religious conversation.

And after we came to this place, a number of Christian friends were in the habit of calling to see him, with whom he joined in prayer, as often as circumstances would allow. Indeed, it was abundantly evident that prayer, the reading of the word of God, religious conversation, and communion with the Saviour were his meat & his drink, & that he was ripening fast for the kingdom of glory.

He sometimes expressed a desire to have clearer views of divine things, & a stronger evidence of his union to Christ; but his consolations always appeared to be greater than his fears, & his seasons of spiritual darkness were short & few. As his end drew near, his views became brighter & his hope in Christ stronger, till every doubt & every fear respecting his good estate were entirely banished. He conversed upon the circumstances of his own death, with as much cheerfulness, as he did upon any other subject, and I consider it a peculiar blessing that I was allowed to be with him in his last moments.

Soon after ^{they commenced} he began to fail rapidly, I spoke to him respecting the near approach of death, & he replied, "No matter how soon - no matter how soon. No obstacles - A calm, humble dependence - It is all I want." At this time, in consequence of the difficulty of his breathing, it was almost impossible

for him to speak, except in broken sentences. Two days after, he expressed the state of his mind in the following terms. "I do feel a calmness in calling on my Jesus - no ecstasy; but I feel that I have committed myself into His hands." Three days before his death, when I asked him if he was ready to have his earthly tabernacle destroyed, he said; "Yes - I think I am. - Yes - I sometimes long to depart." The next day, which was the day but one before he died, he said to me; "When I can contemplate it is very pleasing." "What do you contemplate, I replied?" "It is Jesus" said he "and the way of salvation. I have a remarkable calmness. I feel that Jesus will not leave me. I cannot doubt. I try to doubt, but I cannot."

About an hour before his soul took its flight, he began to talk in the following manner, repeating his words many times, and making long pauses.

"Is this death? - Yes, this is death. - Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." He then spoke to me & called me by name, but when I asked him what he wanted, he only said, "Death." And when he had repeated the former expressions many times, he spoke to me again. I answered as before, & received the same reply. Shortly after, he said; "Give my love to them. Tell them to be faithful unto death." "Farewell - Farewell - Come Lord Jesus." "O, thou kind angel, conduct me, conduct me - - Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

These were his last words. In about five minutes he ceased to breathe, and who can doubt that the "kind Angel" conducted his departing spirit to the Paradise above; where he could see his blessed Savior, face to face?

Thus, my dear Sir, I have endeavored to give you a faithful account of your beloved son, from the time that we left Colombo, till the day of his death. How happy are they, who live as he lived, & die as he died. Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord" for "they rest from their labors & their works do follow them."

I remain your affectionate, though distant, and unworthy friend.

James Richards.